

GRAND
SACRED CONCERT

AT THE MELODEON,

BY THE

Handel and Haydn Society,

ASSISTED BY

MR. BRAHAM,

On Sunday Evening, Jan'y 31st, 1841.

PART I.

SELECTIONS FROM HANDEL'S ORATORIO OF
THE MESSIAH.

RECITATIVE.—MR. BRAHAM.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness; prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God.

AIR.—MR. BRAHAM.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

RECITATIVE.

[Orch. No. 15.]

Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call his name Emanuel; God with us.

AIR AND CHORUS.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain! O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength! lift it up be not afraid! Say unto the cities of Judah, behold your God! Arise, shine, for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

CHORUS.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful! Counsellor! the Mighty God! the everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!

PASTORAL SYMPHONY.**RECITATIVE.**

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night;

RECITATIVE.

And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

RECITATIVE.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

RECITATIVE.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

RECITATIVE.—MR. BRAHAM. [Orch. No. 29.]

Thy rebuke hath broken his heart, he is full of heaviness, he looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

AIR.—MR. BRAHAM.

Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.

RECITATIVE.

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of my people was he stricken.

AIR.

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of Hosts; He is the King of Glory.

CHORUS.

[Orch. No. 44.]

The Lord gave the word; great was the company of the preachers

AIR.

[Orch. No. 49.]

Why do the nations rage so furiously together? Why do the people imagine a vain thing? The Kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his Anointed.

RECITATIVE.—MR. BRAHAM.

[Orch. No. 51]

He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall have them in derision.

AIR.—MR. BRAHAM.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces, like a potter's vessel.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

PART III.**RECITATIVE.—ACCOMPANIED.—MR. BRAHAM. HANDEL.**

Jephtha's reflections on his rash vow to sacrifice his daughter.

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness child,
Pierceth a Father's bleeding heart; and checks
The cruel sentence on my faltering tongue;
O let me whisper it, to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts; for the ears of men
It is too shocking; yet have I not vow'd,
And can I think the great *Jehovah* sleeps
Like *Chemosh*, and such fabled Deities?
Ah! no; heaven heard my thoughts, and wrote them down,
It must be so, 'tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast, a thousand pangs
That lash me into madness: horrid thought,
My only daughter, so dear a child,
Doom'd by a Father!—yes, the vow is past,
And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes,—
Therefore, tomorrow's dawn—I can no more.

AIR.—MR. BRAHAM.

Waft her, Angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there like you to rise,
There like you forever reign.

HYMN TUNE.—MILLENNIUM.

G. J. WEBB.

[From the Massachusetts Collection of Psalmody, page 2.]

Arise! arise! with joy survey,
 The glory of the latter day;
 Already is the dawn begun,
 Which marks at hand a rising sun!

Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
 With joy we view, and hail the day;
 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 And fill the world with glad surprise.

AIR.—MR. BRAHAM.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
 I lay me down in peace to sleep;
 Secure I rest upon the wave,
 For thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
 I know thou wilt not slight my call,
 For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall:
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep!

And such the trust that still were mine,
 Tho' storming winds swept o'er the brine;
 Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath,
 Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death;
 In ocean cave still safe with thee,
 The germ of immortality.
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep!

CHORUS. [Soc. Coll. vol. 2, p. 125. Orchestra No. 174.] HAYDN.

Father! we adore thee and worship thee, O God most high: Holy Lord! we worship thee: Mighty God! we worship thee, Holy Lord God of Hosts. Glorify his name forevermore, and tell of all his wondrous works. Holy Lord! Mighty God! we glorify thee evermore: Holy Lord! we praise thy name: Glorious God! we worship thy name forevermore.


JUDGMENT HYMN.—MR. BRAHAM.

LUTHER.

With Trumpet Obligato.

Great God what do I see and hear;
 The end of things created,
 The Judge of mankind does appear,
 In clouds of glory seated.

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before.
 Prepare my soul to meet him.

 Tickets at 50 cents each, may be had at the Tremont and American Houses, at the United States Hotel, at the Music Stores of Parker & Ditson, G. P. Reed, J. Ashton & Co. and H. Prentiss, and at the door of the Melodeon.

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